

Everyone Has Something To Say

But the problem is, people are so selfish.

Everyone wants to be heard, but no one wants to listen.

People have become "one-way streets" in their communications, especially with the convenience of the internet.

I myself have spent the last decade or so, putting my own content online, and not participating in social media (the sites on which you use your name, and have an inbox), or maintained a known email through which I could be reached.

It may appear selfish of me, and I might appear to be a one-way street to some, but I never said why I've done it.

I think it's time that I do.

The past decade has been a time of hearing my OWN thoughts, words, feelings, opinions. It's been a quiet time to myself. To explore my own mind, what I think, and what I've learned.

I never meant to isolate for this long. And it's not that I want to be alone. I just needed to put an end to the one-way communications in my life, coming at me. I said, that's enough. And I closed the door.

Enough of hearing the words of others, and my own words ignored or dismissed.

Enough of receiving and viewing the pictures and other content of others, while my own content is overlooked.

Enough lending my ears and listening to the hardships and trials of others, while my own attempts of sharing, and seeking consolation or support, are blown off.

Enough of showing my interest, while no interest is shown in return.

Enough of trying to help others, while my own life situations are dismissed.

Enough logging on to social media and trying to connect that way, and finding myself ignored.

Enough celebrating the joys of others, while my own accomplishments are ignored.

Enough crying with others when they suffer, when no one paid heed to my own, very obvious, sufferings.

Enough reaching out to those who I missed, when no one lifted a finger to seek me out.

Enough showing respect to those to whom respect is due, only to be insulted and degraded in return.

I'm a Christian. I serve Jesus. This means that when I communicate with others, those people are going to be heard, loved, respected, treated with kindness, celebrated with, cared for, prayed for. My strength is limited, and I can't be everything at once, but to the best of my ability, I try to put others first. This is never going to change.

But because these things have been withheld from me, I pull away, and close the door. This does not mean I'm bitter or unforgiving, resentful or uncaring. It means that I have to protect myself, and take care of my own well-being. Because people are people, and I don't expect them to change. I just go away.

I no longer cater to selfish people. I love them, but I refuse to enable them.

I no longer allow myself to be walked on, insulted, or verbally abused.

I no longer allow myself to be used.

If I'm hated, I no longer seek to change it. I just go away.

If others hate me because of their own sin - envy or whatever - I no longer try to win their love. I just go away.

I don't want to be a stumbling block to anyone.

If I communicate and connect, it's going to be right.

This standard may be hard, but I'm willing to remain alone, rather than surrounded by lots of people who mistreat me.

I've been alone in Florida with my loving husband, and God, for about a decade now, unable to even walk for the last few years. Homebound, poor. Disconnected from everyone and everything I

once knew.

I've learned so much in the last ten years. I've been broken, I've grieved, I've wrestled with so many things. I've shared my thoughts and creativity with people online - strangers, not close acquaintances. I've been learning and growing, making peace with the past. Now my body has healed, and I can walk again. I'm thankful for every new day, and look to God for everything.

When I broke away from everyone and everything, it was in obedience to God. It wasn't my own choice, at first. Now I'm so thankful for that painful cut. Like a severely pruned tree am I, finally free of the thorny tangled underbrush. I'm growing healthy, and my branches are budding once more.

I hope that everyone, everywhere, can find their peace in this world, and have the courage to make the changes needed to go forward in their life, no matter how painful those changes may be.

I also know where true peace is found, and His name is Jesus.

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